

The Class of '98 McMaster was constituted by powers entirely apart from itself. In the good Providence of God twenty-one students were led to seek higher education in the same course at the same time, and simply accepted the custom of organization. They adopted a constitution whose origin no one knows, and whose present whereabouts is an equal mystery. "A rather innocent crowd," you will say. Very true, sir, very true, we were meek beyond the average, and so intent for a time on our surroundings, that events simply drifted on, guided, who knows how, and yet guided aright. There was not much to bring the class together at first. There was no nucleus of Woodstock boys around which organization might begin, and when at last organization did come, it was happy fortune rather than fore-knowledge of his ability, which selected York Adam King as first President of the Class.

One of the very earliest events which all will remember in our class career was the reception by the old students. This excellent feature has now become a tradition of the school, but what old boy listening to the jokes he has already stood for four years will begrudge the Freshman his exuberant joy, when he recalls the like ecstasy with which he first heard them? Can you imagine how delighted we felt on that occasion, and when our President made the speech of the evening, it dawned upon us that we were more of a unit than we thought, and that there was really more to do in the first year than chewing over those old cuds in Bradley's Arnold and stalking through imaginary forests after the errant knights of King Arthur's Round Table.

Then we began to hold business meetings. Only the faithful know what our business meetings were; but we had no legal cranks to keep our toes constantly up to the constitutional line, and a wink from the chairman was as good as ten votes on a motion. Various subjects came up for discussion. We voted out the wearing of gowns, poor prattlers that we were, yet the gowns came. But there was one tangible result from our deliberations, and that was the class rally. One hundred and ninety-four Roxborough Ave., the home of our class-mate, Lew Thomas, was thrown open to us for the occasion. Perhaps this rally did not differ greatly from scores of others which have